

GOING HOME

Gwen Jones

Going Home, it can mean something different to everyone.

I had a very strong urge & desire of wanting to “Go Home” during this life, but what that meant was unclear to me. All I knew was, I wanted to “Go Home”; I was tired, exhausted and confused.

I would gaze at the stars wondering if that was where I came from, meditate hoping for a connection with my guides, to find the answer and wonder about other planets, is that where my roots lay, all the while the feeling grew.

I knew that answers could be found by going within and I would direct my meditations inward of my physical body, hoping for that connection that would give me the answer I was seeking.

I wonder why I set my attention to find my answer on so many things from this physical world, the stars, other planets and even within my physical form.

Although spiritually I was growing and my awareness was expanding, I was still no closer to the answer of just where “Going Home” would take me. It was one of those unanswered questions.

The strong urge & desire lessened, and I continued with my journey, seeking, learning and understanding more and more about who I was.

The shift that eventually led me to the answer happened during a meditation in a room with many others.

I found myself in a black infinite void, all the time being aware that my physical body surrounded the void as a type of shell.

It was a paradox, how could where I was be infinite and yet within this shell. I flowed with the experience allowing my mind and body to adjust and accept.

I could feel myself shift and open and I knew that “I GOT” going within to find the answers. I had connected with the me that was not physical, the me that could communicate from another perspective. It was pure JOY.

While reading a book sometime later, the final piece slotted into place. In the book it discussed that we do not go anywhere when our physical body dies.

That as we drop our body, we are then able to see that we were always connected to the WHOLE, it was just our physical form preventing us from seeing/knowing it.

This thought came to mind as I read. - If you imagine an ocean, made up of many drops of water. Then imagine a black plastic bubble surrounding one of the drops of water. That drop of water would no longer be able to see that it was still part of the ocean, but it would be. It had not gone anywhere, so when the plastic bubble bursts the drop of water would be able to see the whole ocean once again. It is a simple analogy, but it worked for me.

I finally GOT that I did not need to go anywhere to "Go Home" as I was already there. My strong urge and desire of "Going Home" had taken me on a miraculous journey to within.